

DELL

FEBRUARY

Huckleberry Hound

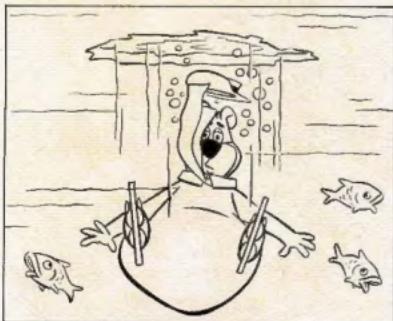
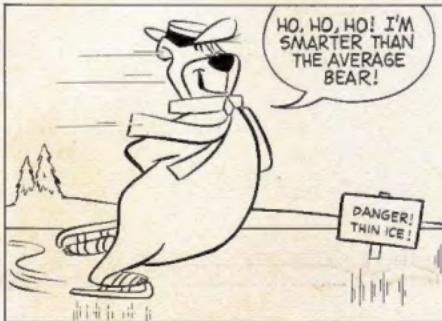


HUCK and YOGI

WET AND WARNED

IF I WAS YOU, YOGI, I
WOULDN'T GO ICE SKATING
ON THE LAKE TODAY!

AND WHY
NOT?



Huckleberry Hound

HAWAII BOUND HOUND

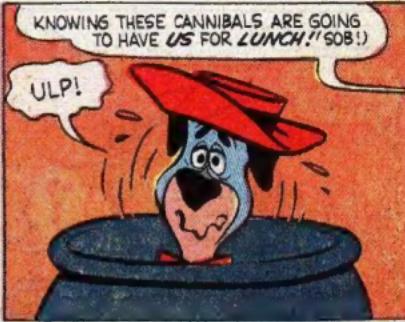


POSTMASTER: Please send notices on Form 3579 to 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. HUCKLEBERRY HOUND, No. 9, \$1.25. Copyright 1961. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen H. Hays, President; Executive Vice-President, William F. Callahan, Jr.; Paul R. Lilly; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions and Canada 50c per year. Subscriptions for Pan-American and foreign countries \$1.10 per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1960, by Hanna-Barbera Productions.

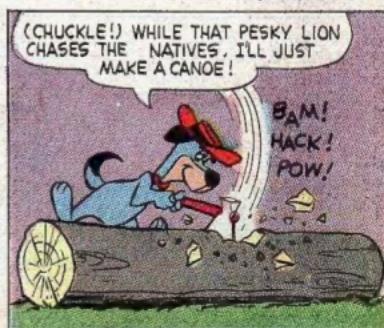
This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

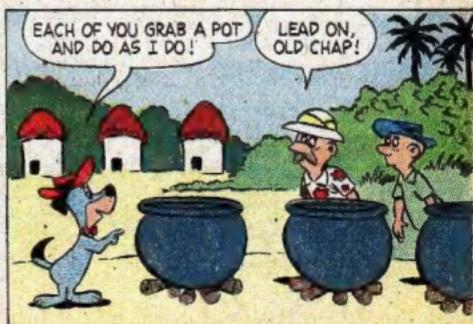
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

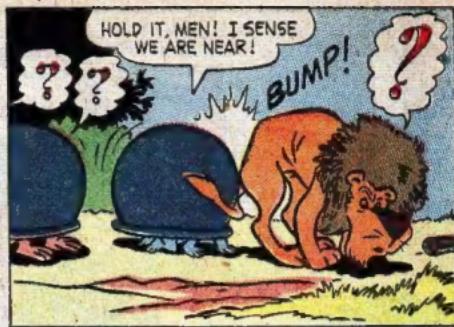


















AND LATER,
WHEN THE
RAIN STOPS...

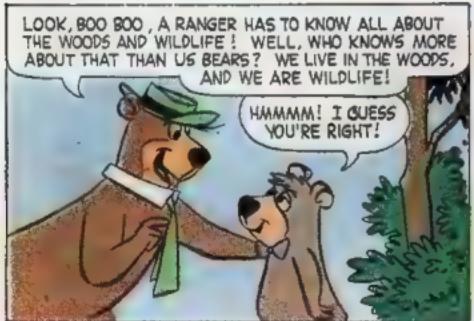
SEE, CHIEF!... AS LONG AS THE LION THINKS
IT'S RAINING, HE'LL STAY IN THE CAVE!
JUST KEEP THE POT FULL OF
WATER!

NOW ALL THE LI'L OL' ANIMAL
CREATURES CAN COME OUT OF THE
BRUSH AND BE HUNTED!

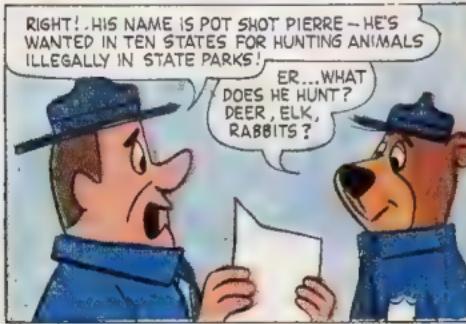
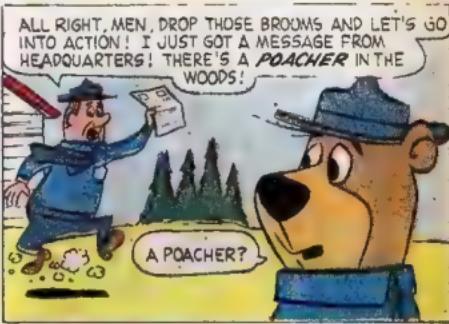
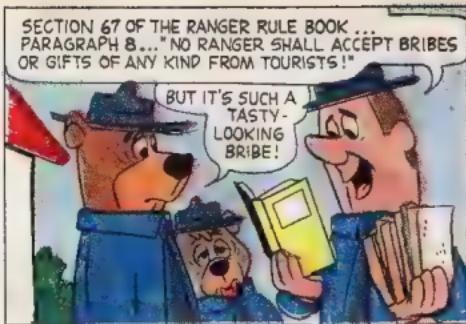


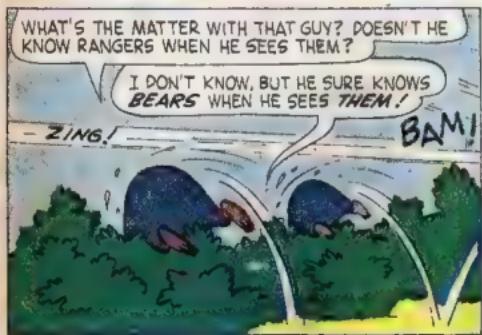
YOGI BEAR NEW RECRUITS

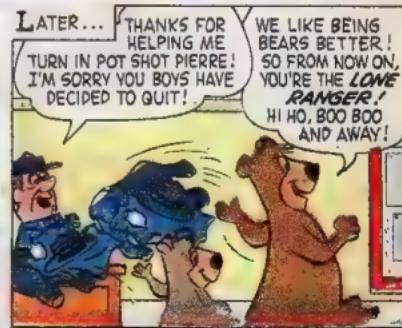
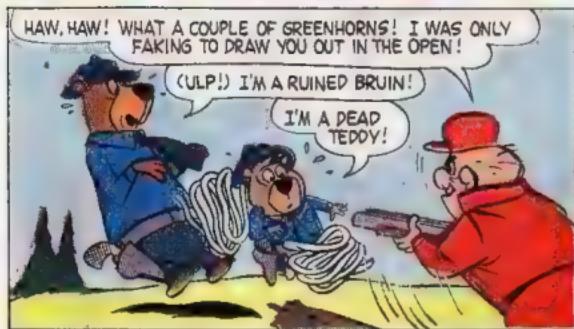












Huckleberry Hound

BELLBOY BLUES

NOW, YOUNG MAN, THE FIRST THING A BELLBOY MUST LEARN IS THAT THE PAYING CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT! YOUR JOB IS TO DO EXACTLY WHAT THEY TELL YOU!

SHUCKS, MISTER MANAGER. THAT'LL BE EASY! THEY DON'T CALL ME HELPFUL HUCKLEBERRY FOR NOTHING!













Biddy Buddy was paddling lazily through the lily pads when a slight movement in the still water made his eyes pop wide open.

"Aha, a tidbit!" he quacked, swooping to gobble up a wiggly polliwog.

"Wait, please wait," a teensy voice called out.

Biddy Buddy was so startled by this unexpected plea that he splashed to a stop, spraying water all over himself.

"Don't eat me, Mr. Duck. Please," the polliwog begged.

"Why not, I'd like to know? I'm hungry," Biddy Buddy declared.

"Well, for one thing," the tadpole squeaked, "I'm so little, I'd never satisfy your appetite. For another," he continued, "if I'm allowed to grow and grow, I'll soon turn into a frog, you know. Spare me and, who can say, I might help you someday."

"Ha, ha, ha," Biddy Buddy quacked. "That's a good one. Even full-sized frog would be too small to help a duck. But, you have a lot of spunk for one your size, so I'll spare you." He started to paddle away.

"Thank you," the polliwog called after him. "I won't forget my promise to you. The day may come when you'll be glad of it, too."

Weeks passed and Biddy Buddy forgot all about the polliwog. One morning, when mist still hugged the surface of the pond, a terrible sneeze woke Biddy Buddy.

"Quachoo. Oh, dear, this is terrible. Mother always told me to keep my feet dry when I had a cold. I guess I had better spend the day on dry land."

Biddy Buddy sneezed his way over to the marshy bank and hopped up on the dry grass. "This will solve my problem of keeping my feet dry, but I can't stay out here in

the open all day. I'd better find a nice dry bush to hide in before Freddy Fox sees me. He usually comes skulking around about now, looking for his breakfast."

Biddy Buddy searched along the bank and found a nice bush to keep him safe and dry. He had no sooner settled down when Freddy Fox came tip-toeing through the tall reeds.

"Whew! Just in time!" Biddy Buddy sighed, crouching even lower in the bush.

But he had been thankful too soon. Unfortunately, a sneeze tickled his nose just then. It bubbled up and burst, the quiet like a balloon popping.

Freddy Fox heard the sneeze and headed straight for Biddy Buddy. "Wak, Wak," Biddy Buddy squawked. "It's better to have wet feet than end up a duck dinner," he proclaimed as he dove into the water.

But his foot caught in a tangle of marsh grass, and Freddy Fox was ready to pounce.

Kersplash! A great geyser of water splashed into the fox's eye and blurred his vision for a few minutes.

It was long enough for Biddy Buddy to get his foot free and paddle to a safe spot among the lilies.

"Because once you saved my life, I was able to save you now from the fox's table," a deep voice croaked from a flat lily pad.

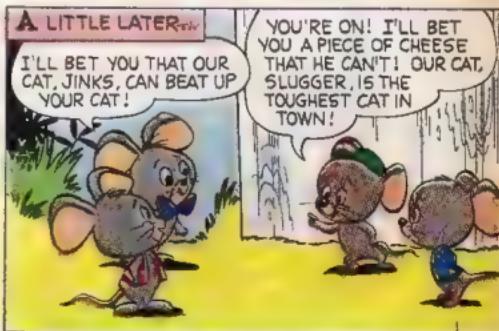
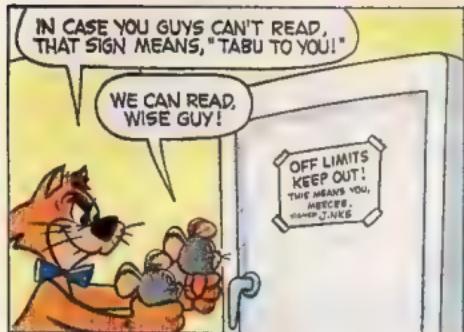
Biddy Buddy looked around and saw a frog blinking wisely from the lily pad. Then he remembered the day, long forgotten, when he had spared the polliwog. Then he remembered the promise the polliwog had made. Now it had come true.

"That will teach me never to laugh at anyone's size. Why, if it weren't for you, I'd not be alive." Biddy Buddy smiled gratefully at the friendly frog.

PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

MOUSE MATCH-MAKERS











Huckleberry Hound

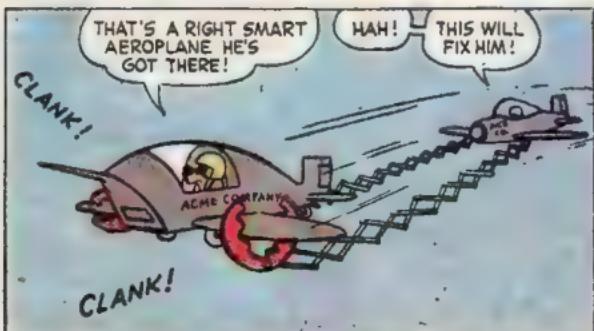
SKY WRITER FIGHTER





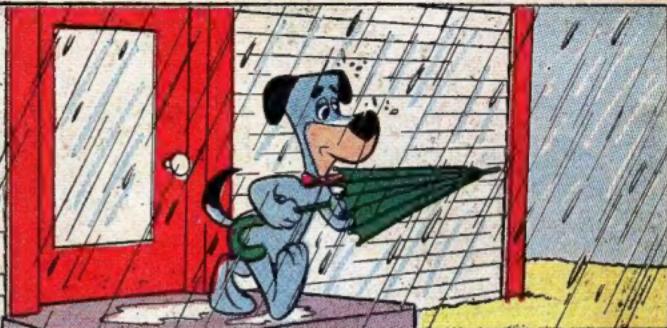
YOU ARE A SCOUNDREL, MAN!

I HOPE HE CAN READ.



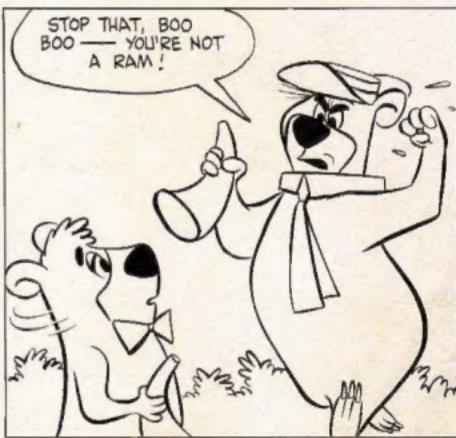
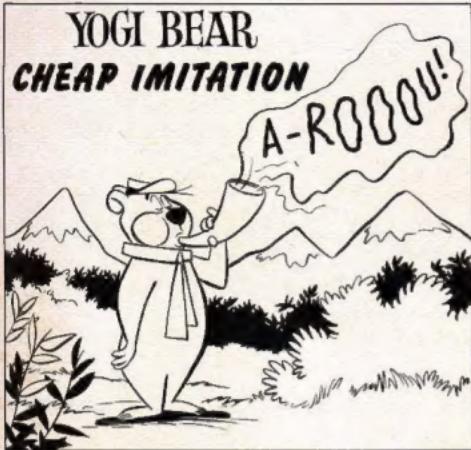


**Huckleberry
Hound**
THE BIG DRIP



**YOGI BEAR
CHEAP IMITATION**

A-ROOOOU!



Huckleberry Hound

SEATY SLICKER

